

THE NEW FREEWOMAN

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

No. 10 Vol. I. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1913. SIXPENCE.

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THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

THERE is, about artists when asked to define their business, a coyness which would be exquisitely ludicrous if it were evinced by chemists or mathematicians, by carpenters or brick-layers. This coyness, and the vague waving of hands to give the expression of helplessness, in-a-sort, in the grip of some high force, which if not divine, is at least too much above the common level to be comprehended by the Philistine, or common-sense man—these are quite sufficient to place art as we now know it, in its subconscious period. There is nothing to be gained by calling out against artists: their lack of comprehension as to what they are about, is a matter for regret rather than reprehension. They are in the position the alchemists and astrologers were, before alchemy became chemistry, and astrology astronomy. Nothing deterred by the caveat against the intruding of "outsiders'" opinions into their territory, we make bold to define the sphere of Art, as the complement of Science. If science is the knowledge gained by applying to non-vital phenomena, the method of accurate description as opposed to that of imaginative interpretation, art is the product of the same method applied to vital (and mainly humanly vital) phenomena.

The knowledge massed by science is stupendous in bulk relatively to that amassed by art, which boasts only the unco-ordinated work of geniuses, few and far between. Science has made its advance chiefly in the last three hundred years, because during this period it has trusted to the results of unprejudiced observation of the "thing." Before, as now in art, save for one or two outstanding geniuses, it had guessed about things, and its guesses made a pile of useless words and ideas, unproved and incapable of proof. The energy of the greatest as well as the least of investi-

gators was wasted in spinning these futile guesses. But the experiment, i.e., the essaying what could be done to a thing and what could be done with it, put an end to all that. Experiment broke the dominion of the guess—the imaginative interpretation. The idea broke upon the perception of the fact. Thought was bridled by knowledge of the "thing"; thought's utmost reach attained only to a "suggestion"; the hypothesis holding tentative existence only until the experiment should dissolve it into error or fact. The experimental method brought the scientific free-thought period to an end. Observation of the subject put verbal notions out of court. With art on the other hand, matters have but reached at their ultimate limit the "interest" of the verbal treatment, the imaginative interpretation. And this only with the few. Most artists are content to pass on the conventional tradition with a few personal variations. It is only the few who have entered upon the free-thought period, where all the variety of unbridled fancy is spread out before them to be seized upon. These are attached to no reality. They are indeed as unaware as the conventional that there exists a reality by faithfulness to which their works will be judged. They are the half-charlatans where the conventional are the dullards. The unconscious charlatanry of art has invaded every sphere of culture: it is indeed the substance of existing culture. In philosophy, theology and theosophy, in ethics, psychology, and sociology, throughout the whole length and breadth of literature, there spreads the record of the charlatan artists; of those who pretend they follow the motions of the soul, but who follow merely the idea; of those who speak with the certainty of knowledge concerning that of which they have made a bold guess.

The enthusiastic entry into the freethought domain by the arts, more conventionally so-called—drama, poetry, and painting—is the main feature of modern “progress.” Freethought is reaching its culminating point. In the theatre the drama of ideas is established. The verbal conception has ousted the “thing.” The conflict is one of words not of living movements. Its climax is the scoring of a point of view, or the defeat of one. Where the genuine dramatist needs to gauge the measure of human forces so that in the nature of their being they will mount and converge to a common climax at a point which he predicts and prepares for, the dramatist in the drama of ideas, has merely to direct words. The difference between the two is similar to that between a snake-charmer surrounded by reptiles or a lion-trainer in a cage of performing lions, and the expert chairman of a well-behaved debating society settling rules for conduct. The one manipulates living forces, the other verbalities. There is a great outcry just now that something is wrong with the drama. Drama is all right. As long as there are a few planks for a platform, and a few lengths of material for stage curtains, drama is secure, provided there are dramatists. Just now it appears that it is the dramatists that are missing. When a man of genius appears, that is an articulate man who understands men, drama will touch high-water mark at a single bound. (The stage just now merely reflects a state of affairs which obtains outside, one in which attempts are being made to redress evils by ideas. It is a special case of the general fear of setting living forces in movement.) In poetry the swerve away from the stupidity of convention has likewise been caught up by freethought, by the fancy unattached to reality. A perfect example of a genuine emotional impulse being rendered abortive by plunging it into ideas is given by the work of Mr. F. T. Marinetti, the futurist leader, who expounds his creed in the current issue of “Poetry and Drama.” In an astounding blend of wisdom and nonsense he illustrates how a healthy revolt which might have alighted on reality, is swung off into the folly of ideas. No wonder that the pendulum starts off again, as a writer in this issue points out (“Discipline and the New Beauty”) on its return swing towards Authority—the continual swing between mutually negating alternatives of tradition and freethought, stupidity and fancy, authority and ideas, discipline and individual whim. It seems to occur to no one that the one alternative is as bad as the other, and that both avoid the reality with which it is art’s sole business to be concerned. The artist thus finds himself in the position of an accountant to a shady firm, the head of which asks him to cook the accounts to suit his interests; and upon refusing, imagines his sole alternative to be the production of an account hatched wholly in his own imagination, apparently unaware that it is his business to look at the ledger and keep his account in touch with that. So while the artist who makes his productions to the orders of authority, is uncomprehending and stupid, his freethought brother, who

works to fancy, is equally so. Work bound fast by the facts of the case is no more amenable to discipline than it is capable of being adjusted to the whim of fancy.

Such a definition of the sphere of Art as we have given, would seem at once to land its activities into the sphere of the occult. So it does, but the occult is the sense of the at-present hidden, but discoverable, the at-present unknown, but knowable, capable of being observed. The soul is not the soundless, unseen thing which common speech makes of it. If it were soundless how could we express our souls in sound, as we know we do, or if unseen how could it be expressed by the painter’s brush or poet’s words? If it be immeasurable, by what faculty do we gauge the force of the emotion which contorts the syllables of a simple phrase into an expression of the soul energy which has surged through it? The most superficial observation makes it clear that the soul breaks into evidence as readily as pain breaks into a cry, and the work of genius has been just the delineation of the manner how.

The line of true delineation of the soul is the direction which all progress in Art must take. If progress is to be made in Art, as it has been made in science, artists will have to put off their agnosticism and the vague waving of hands as to what their business is, and come to their tasks with as much sense of purpose as the carpenter who lays down a floor, or puts in window-frames. For there is little done. “In mystery the soul resides.” The artist must be prepared to begin humbly with the matter which lies to hand: as Archimedes began with the physics observable in his bath, or Newton watching an apple fall, or Watts the spluttering of a tea-kettle. A good artist could begin by delineating the movements of the soul when

It loves
Is cruel,
Shy,
Joyous,
Courageous,
Exalted,
Angry,
Lustful,
Repelled,
Hopeful,
Fearful,
Depressed,
Jealous,
and when it sleeps.

He might go further and make clear what is meant to the soul by those things which we call Beauty, Inspiration, Friendship, Intellect, Sex, God, Good and Evil.

The only one of the above to which continuous and serious attention has been given is love; yet the knowledge which such attention has made available amounts to nothing. Love still means a sentimentalism, or a bestiality, or a jest or any of the grades between. Yet love offers suggestions of phenomena so concrete that were they offered in respect

of the existence of the aether they would be accepted readily as data awaiting co-ordination. The tenderness, the melting of barriers of exclusion, the sense of surrender made and surrender permitted. The interpretation of spirit with spirit, are genuine phenomena and not verbalities. Similarly in the mishaps of love, in the severances that are unprepared-for, the loss appears actual; not a loss of interest, but a loss of soul-substance, a definite and tangible mutilation as though a drop-trap had fallen and taken off a hand; with a like irreconcilableness against picking up one's life and abandoning the lost portions.

And there is the matter of intellect, so much debated, and likely to prove no matter at all, to be merged and explained in the tale of the emotions; likely to be proved that it is instinct, well served by senses; so well served that it is in the way to forget its origin and meaning; that the senses are attenuated feeling, filaments of the soul-stuff drawn fine, told off from the deeper-seated well of life to stand on sentinel duty at the periphery; their attention turned outward; placed mainly in the head because the head goes first, cautious, expending little emotion until sure of their surroundings; the intenser vitalised life of soul trailing behind; the senses occupied with the environment, their attention monopolised by that; the deeper reaches of emotion busy with the organising personality, kneading memory, the record of the buffeting of experience into the permanence of the individual ego. It has to be found what part the eye, the gateway of the *exploring* filament has played in bringing about the misunderstanding that intellect is other than instinct; likely to be found that feeling is all in all, and knowledge but the co-ordination of feeling repeated in experience; that all the senses are senses of touch, i.e., contact—the impinging of organised life upon the things foreign to itself; the shiver of difference, and the shrinking where the “I” is touched by the “not I”—suggestions merely, indicative of the things which await the insight of the artists of the future. To delineate these things is the work of art. In music, painting and sculpture to project them afresh in analogues of sound, colour and con-

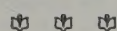
tortion; in drama in their hurtling against each other; in these arts, presented; in poetry, the highest manifestation of self-consciousness, *re-presented* in terms of self-recognised emotion. In poetry self-consciousness culminates: in it alone emotion rounds on itself, articulate, and says “I know you.” That is the broad difference between prose and poetry (not rhyme and poetry)—a difference which we, unlike Mr. Pound, think it worth while inquiring into. The difference is one of brevity, completeness and finish simply because in poetry all the evidence of laboratory work is removed; the creaking of the thinking-machine is not there: it has done its work. Poetry is the expression of the soul-motion: perfect knowledge free both of redundance and hesitancy: it is brief because it is reduced to the exact equivalent: it has reached the completeness of knowledge when its dimensions can be expressed in a formula. It is the formula. Anything omitted would make it error; anything added would be confusion and irrelevance.

Prose is the proper place for the half-knowledge, the “I think.” It is essentially “essay” work, i.e., trial work. It is honest, it is indispensable, but it is preliminary. It is fuzzy with opinion and suggestion. It is “interesting,” that is, it holds the attention as does any useful uncompleted process. It is ephemeral; it is the fore-runner. It makes straight the way for poetry, the formula which comprehends and supersedes it. That is why a genuine “poem” is beyond the reach of argument. It makes a statement that is to be taken or left. In making statements, the poet takes the very same risks as the scientist: he stands to be discredited. A veritable Day of Judgment looms ahead for the poets when vital delineation shall have made headway. In the meantime, it is for those who write prose, and make essays in honest fashion to encourage the abandoning of problems turning on matters which offer no data for observation; to break the spell of the occult by making plain the things which lie nearest us. The abstractions, the ultimates and absolutes; “Universal Correspondences,” “Cosmic” Forces and “Eternal Recurrence” we shall do well to leave to an age which can approach them as realities.

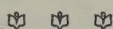
VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE poor poor find themselves again in the limelight. There is poor Mr. Caudle in prison in Carlisle; poor Mr. Larkin in Dublin ditto; the poor Welsh miners buried alive in the earth; poor Mrs. Pankhurst with breaking voice held up on Ellis Island, suspected of moral turpitudes; poor Miss Kenny and Miss Pankhurst borne about on stretchers; there has been a veritable marshalling of the poor poor: Mr. Rufus Isaacs meanwhile mounting the legal throne—plainly the workings of poetic justice, a phrase which means that the amount of rope you hold depends on the amount of force with which you pull. The poor poor are a species to themselves, specially catered for by the Clergy. The mark of the species is the peculiar soft spot in the structure of the brain which makes them understand “poetic justice” in the reverse sense, i.e., that one obtains more rope the more one slacks the grip. Of course matters do not fall out like that on this planet,—a discrepancy

between fact and creed which the species are empowered to overcome by a certain vehemence of language, especially in regard to the little word “must.” Things are thus, but surely they “must” be the opposite. That “sturdy” friend of the poor, “The Daily Herald,” brings out a new “must” every morning. “The kiddies must be fed,” though the Dublin mothers of the bairns won’t hear of it, swiftly despatching the kind ladies who had arrived to do the deed. “Carson must be imprisoned,” “Caudle must be released,” “Directors must be indicted,” and “Larkin must go free.” “Must” excellent vocable: varying so radically with the amount of ammunition it carries. “Mr. Asquith must learn,” “Women must vote,” “They must be free,” “Forcible feeding must cease,” “The cat and mouse Act must go.” Thus does the species imagine a vain thing..



Consider the miners. We must of necessity consider the miners. It is their offence, that inevitably they intrude. One is supposed to be grateful to them for the dangers they undergo to provide us with coal. We are not grateful. Why on earth a body of people should conceive it their "work" to toil and moil underground to produce the rest of the people's coal is beyond our comprehension. It is not work which we would undertake: we see no reason why others should undertake the work for us. The fact of the matter is that they do not "undertake" the work either: they slither into it because someone offers them wages: because they need bread and clothes and shelter and are devoid of the initiative to find a decent manner how. Coal is not wanted: certainly it was not needed. Its advent has done an inordinate amount of harm and only made possible a highly speculative good. Its filth and grime has been splotched from one end of the earth to the other—its progress has had squalor and misery as chosen attendants. Certainly the benefits of coal do not even make a beginning towards compensating one for the horror of having to know that one miner has been entombed. When one realises that a like horror befalls a heavy proportion of all the "workers" concerned in it, one is driven to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong with miners and all self-elected victims. The conviction grows as one reads that the disastrous effects of the tragedy are added to by the fact that, owing to fire, surviving miners are not allowed to work in the mines. It apparently never occurs to these survivors that they have put in their full quota in the coal-getting line. Presumably they are born coal-getters. If when two men are working at a seam, one is taken and the other is left, the anxiety of the left one is to return to the seam.



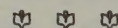
The sentence passed upon Mr. Larkin is very much what could have been expected. If anything its length is surprising in the way of "leniency," and as such is an expression of scarcely disguised contempt for Mr. Larkin's followers. It perhaps recognises that though he is a spirited "leader," he leads sheep, and that the fiercest invocation of the fiercest leader is powerless to turn them into anything other. Seven months therefore: It would have been seven years had the Dublinites shown restiveness.

There was perhaps a point overlooked in our last notes when we calculated the chances of the advent of an "adviser of the poor," who should be of the "rich" caste. It is a dangerous and well-nigh hopeless position, not because of the strength of the rich but because of the spirit of the poor. They so believe in themselves—as the poor. It is their fundamental belief, and however much they may appear under the spur of momentary irritation, to give ear to the creed of the rich, they will invariably abandon its exponent to the fate which awaits him, first as a traitor to his own caste, and second as the confuser of the caste of the poor. That in effect is what is involved in allowing Mr. Larkin to submit himself for "trial" in the courts of law. The law is framed just to perpetuate the two castes. The agitator who is confusing the two brought before the law stands in the position of a soldier who has deserted to the other side, and has been recaptured and is being tried by court-martial. Those who essay to fill the rôle adopted by Mr. Larkin will find for a long time yet that the poor are as ardent in their belief in the "law" as are those who frame and administer it. They are as acquiescent as the high priests are eager that their "advisers" should be tried by Caiaphas. The conclusions are foregone: and it is to the credit of the Larkins that they are not deterred thereby. It may be that their unquenchable faith is due to the perception that the poor are as valiant in their advisers' defence as their strength of arm makes it judicious for

them to be; and their strength of arm should have been the first concern of their advisers. If they failed to see to that in the first place it is inevitable that they should be involved in its effects in the long run.



And the unending grind of events has its effects, which by the likelihoods of sheer chance must on occasions achieve good satire. That Mr. Isaacs should be appointed Lord Chief Justice, and that "Justice" should decree that Mr. Caudle's place is in prison about one and the same moment effects a coincidence which belongs to the region of exceedingly good fun. There exists a kind of person who would argue the synchronising events referred to above in a spirit of seriousness. It is a pity, for while one can be certain that "Driver" Caudle, for instance, has everyone's sympathy (if that is any use to him), he cuts an exceedingly humorous figure, like the blindfolded person in blind man's buff whom the children pluck by the sleeve and confuse, by pushing forward unfamiliar objects. The press has christened him "Driver" Caudle, and driving is his business. He must drive if he can, and he must drive if he can't. In sprite-like mood, "Justice" draws the admissions from him, admissions of what he acknowledges to be his responsibility. "Yessir, yessir, quite responsible," and when he has ingeniously bound himself round with his admissions, "Justice" leans forward and says, "Now you see, by your own admissions, you agree with me that you have failed to discharge all your responsibilities; that you are an unfortunate but reprehensible person, and your proper quarters are in jail?" "Yessir, yessir! Thank you, kind gentleman," and Driver Caudle drives to prison. In view of the obsequiousness of the "poor" before the law, it is refreshing to note the genial contempt for it of the politicians who make it. The gay, irreverent mockery involved in Mr. Isaacs' appointment is greatly to be commended. May all things goodly and human forbid that he should endeavour to live up to the traditions of his office. One is saddened by the mere suggestion that this sportive adventurer might find his facile powers overcome, for instance, by the awe and reverence of the poor for his station; or that he might bring himself to believe he is a "symbol," and like another Alexander, assuming the God, affect to nod. No, rather would we hear of him as an innovator, a bringer of new things, relieving perchance the tedium of his office by playing pitch and toss with a juryman, or with the poor wretch upon whom he must perforce pass sentence when eloquence shall have run its course.



We are encouraged by our recent success in persuading Mrs. Pankhurst to abandon her public death, to make further effort, to induce her to abandon the "dead body" which apparently travels with her in company with her dressing-case. It is evidently some alien mummified corpse which the lady cherishes: It has been brought with skilful effect into the argument for more than two years now, and presumably it is doing business as briskly as ever. We know without awaiting confirmation when we read that her kindly-disposed American audiences were washed in tears that the valise once more has been unstrapped and the—can we say it?—dusted and exhibited. Could not Mrs. Pankhurst, after conducting "It" through a successful tour in America, be persuaded to consign it to the companionship of that other symbol which did valiant service in that other "fight for freedom"—the tea-chest in Boston Harbour. For, although we look forward to Mrs. Pankhurst's return, hoping that the minions of the law will leave her unmolested, we feel our cordiality withering somewhat at thought of the return of the valise.

Arising out of causes into which it would perhaps be indelicate to inquire, we realise that parental

authority exercises itself with slackened bands. If however, any virtue should still reside in it, we would supplicate that Mrs. Pankhurst exercise it on Sylvia, and in the measure of a friend upon Miss Annie Kenney. It is the stretcher! On the principle perhaps that if the leader has the valise, the leaderettes may have the stretcher. "If one can't be dead, be half dead," as it were.

Here is an ungarbled quotation from the "Daily Herald":—

"Amid scenes of enthusiasm Miss Annie Kenney was carried into the W.S.P.U. meeting at the Knightsbridge Hall yesterday. Miss Kenney, who completed a long hunger strike a week ago, arrived in a horse-drawn ambulance, preceded by about half-a-dozen taxis containing supporters. The famous militant, who was looking extremely ill and haggard, was borne into the hall on a stretcher. Cries of "Bravo" were raised by the women, and loud cheers were given. The stretcher containing Miss Kenney was placed across two chairs on the platform. She lay almost motionless, and whispered only a few words to her friends."

And another from the "Daily News and Leader":—

"Whilst lying on a stretcher, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst addressed a large Suffragette gathering at the Bow Baths last night. As she was being placed on the platform and made comfortable by a nurse and doctor, the people stood up and saluted, and a little girl presented her with a bunch of flowers. *She spoke for ten minutes.*"

It is useless to discuss a matter of taste. One is prepared to acknowledge it is conceivable that one who is cause-ridden will hawk exhibitions of suffering before a public. It must be added, however, that the kind of public which will pay to witness such, is one with which association is dearly purchased no matter at what price. The modern diminution of business executed publicly at the block and the scaffold has turned adrift a type of appetite which is now apparently bent on moulding the militant suffrage movement to meet its own starved needs.

What is "Sanity."

INSANITY is a word of very simple content, as to its derivation: it means merely want of health.

We apply it exclusively to the mind, however, and to a very special and extreme condition of mental ill health. But the truth is that insanity exists in all degrees, from the inhibition by a "feeling-bias" which prevents the acceptance of a fact, to the inability to distinguish between fact and a figment of the imagination. These degrees of insanity are not generally accepted as such, but the evolution of psychological science is bringing us more and more fully to a realisation of the truth, that such they really are. Mind—or brain if you choose—is an organ of the human body whose chief function it is, to reason. To reason is to make a comparison of the resemblances and differences among all of the available facts bearing upon the subject under consideration and to adjust these resemblances and differences into a judgment that may be experimentally and practically applied to life; always holding the mind plastic however to the admission of a new fact that may be revealed by science and to the consequent necessity of a new comparison, a new adjustment, and a new judgment, all following upon the admission of the new fact. This shows reason to be a living thing, a growing thing, an evolving thing, in a word a function of life; and the mind that is capable of it, a perfectly sane mind.

Logic, is not reason, though to the average untechnical mind they are the same thing. Logic and reason are farther apart than the poles, as scientific psychological truth is demonstrating to us more and more fully every day. Reason is the living

thing—a function of life—while logic is the mechanically constructed dead thing. Reason starts with an impartial consideration of all of the available facts—Logic sets out with a premise defining a fixed point of aim, and proceeds to manufacture a chain of argument which keeps the fixed point always in view, and which deliberately ignores any fact that would side track the mind from the end aimed at. Thus logic shows itself to be a manufactured thing, an artificial thing, a thing without life, and incapable of the processes of life. The stupidest mind can use logic when it has learned its parrot lesson, of the way to construct a path to any fixed end—a machine could be invented to use logic.

Very few minds on the contrary can reason, because very few minds can grasp a large number of facts—very few minds are free from "feeling-bias" in the comparison of resemblances and differences among facts—very few minds are capable of a judgment which is a perfect adjustment of these resemblances and differences on any large scale.

It would seem then from the foregoing that the power to reason supremely, either actual or potential, is the indubitable characteristic of the perfectly sane mind and that the mind that cannot thus freely reason is insane in the degree of this inability.

Such minds may have but one point of "feeling-bias," or prejudice—one *idée fixe*—that inhibits the freedom of its reasoning processes—or it may have many—and these inhibitions may cover all of the ground from inability to accept a new scientifically demonstrated fact, to inability to distinguish between fact and a figment of the imagination. Such mind is insane therefore to the degree of the number and intensity of these inhibitions. There are men with minds of a low order of intelligence, because of ignorance of the higher scientific facts of life—minds of what is called the "common sense" type that have not had the education and wide contact that gives broad knowledge—which are nevertheless perfectly sane minds, minds which reason freely within the range of the facts which they possess—minds that are always plastic to the admission of a new fact that may come within their ken. There are also people of almost cosmic intelligence, who are utterly unable to reason because of "feeling-bias" or prejudice—utterly unable to co-ordinate fully into any reasoning process the enormous number of facts they may have knowledge of—minds that are insane to the degree and intensity of this inability. Max Stirner's was a mind that might be called cosmically insane; his "feeling-bias" or prejudice in favour of the importance of his own ego, inhibiting any co-ordination whatever of all of the other facts of life.

Herbert Spencer is an example of a mind starting mature life with a wonderful reasoning power among an enormous number of facts—a mind however that permitted "feeling-bias" to control it to such an extent that free reasoning processes became greatly inhibited in his later years.

Nietzsche, with a marvellous genius of imagination was always more or less insane, the insanity that finally drove him out of himself altogether, being simply a multiplication and intensification of the "feeling-biases" that inhibited his reasoning faculty to the point of ultimately destroying his ability to distinguish between a fact and a figment of his own imagination.

Tolstoi also, in spite of his wonderful imaginative powers and marvellous intellectual versatility was insane in the sense that he was unable to reason freely—his reasoning processes being enormously inhibited by his "feeling-bias," in the direction of the doctrine of "non-resistance." Great thinkers—that is, great originators of new ideas—are often very defective reasoners. This is why genius is so often allied to insanity. Great scientific discoverers even are often wretched interpreters of the relational value to life—even of the synthetic scientific value—

of their own discoveries, and this would seem to be owing, *not* to their specialised greatness but to the fact that they had had not set before them from the dawn of intelligence, as an object of the highest aspiration in life—the ideal of free reasoning—the purpose of allowing nothing to inhibit the living function of mind.

Our first duty in education then would seem to be to train the growing physically normal mind into the ability to reason freely, to ward youth off the rock of the "idée fixe"—the "feeling-bias"—the prejudice that might inhibit reasoning processes.

All of our education on the contrary in the present and in the past is, and has been, of a character to encourage such inhibitions through doctrine and tradition—to encourage specialisation in a false sense. Specialisation in the true sense being the training of one's special faculty or endowment to its highest power of working activity, so as to use it as a psychological centre for the broadest reasoning possible in co-ordination with other facts of life, while sternly refusing to allow this faculty to inhibit through "feeling-bias" in its favour the most absolute freedom of the reasoning processes.

I would not be understood as repudiating logic in such education as a method of training any more than any other form of mathematics. We must needs use logic in presenting any one subject—both as to the meaning and the use of the subject—if for no better reason than to fix the centre of psychologic attention for the time being until all of the available facts bearing upon this subject are covered by the mind. But logic is not reason. An insane mind may be brilliantly logical along lines that do not run against its inhibitions—while a perfectly sane mind may be unable to use logic on any lines, where there is ignorance of facts pertaining to these lines. It will thus be seen that the possession of supreme reasoning power indicates a certain character of mind that may be called sane, while logic may or may not be a faculty of a mind whether sane or insane—the power to use logic, depending only upon experience in certain lines of culture.

Modern neurological science calls insanity "Conflict," meaning by this that the mind in attempting to exercise its natural function of reasoning, brings the freely co-ordinating ideas into conflict with whatever inhibiting "feeling-bias" or prejudice the mind may contain.

Out of this science there has been developed a new neurological or alienist therapeutics, called "The Freudian Method," after Dr. Freud of Berlin, who originated it. This method is based upon the theory that if the individual in whose mind there exists this sort of conflict—can be brought to a consciousness and an acknowledgment of the inhibiting "feeling-bias" or prejudice, he can be cured and his mind restored to free reasoning processes with regard to that one point at least. As the mind entertaining this "feeling-bias" or prejudice is practically unconscious of it, having relegated it to his subconscious mind—this therapeutic is obliged to use the hypnoidal treatment in order to bring out into consciousness and hence to the possibility of acknowledgment, this inhibiting element. Let us give to this science due welcome and support as a wonderful remedial agency for the physically normal mind infected with inhibitions—but let us depend much more confidently upon the infinitely greater and more efficacious preventive agency of education of the young—education that will entirely prevent the planting of any inhibitions to the perfect freedom of the reasoning processes, and thus do away in the physically normal mind with insanity in all of its forms.

ALICE GROFF.

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On the Interference with the Environment.

IV.—THOROUGHFARES; AND PISCICULTURE.

The mere demand to use a route may involve a conflict of claims, apart from the question of barring one route by opening another; but there seems to be nothing puzzling about most of the conflicts so arising. Where two people are using the same right of way, each must facilitate the other's passage as much as possible; fortunately men are already as familiar with caring for their neighbours' rights in this respect as in any. In the comparatively rare case where two railroads require to go through a pass too narrow for two tracks, any railroad man can arrange for both to use the road if once he is assured that his own line cannot monopolize it.

A tide-mill is a form of industry which cannot be carried on anywhere without putting a dam in the way of navigation; there must be some truth in the counter-claim that the tide-mill also helps navigation by slackening the current, but I do not know how much; on a stream that carried almost exclusively export cargoes however this might even be an additional evil. The tide-mill problem can be better solved when the rising price of coal has led to the building of more tide-mills than are now legally permitted. In the absence of the experience to be thus gained, we can at least say that the builder of a tide-mill must provide his dam with all necessary weirs and locks and operate these gratuitously, putting himself to an expense which I suppose might become prohibitive on a river carrying a great deal of commerce—on such a river as the Thames I take it that his dam would be nothing but locks, all going at once. Also, that the dam must be high enough up the stream to allow all possible use of the mouth as a harbour—there could rarely be a motive for putting it lower anyhow. Under these conditions it seems to me, till I have such information as few men are to-day competent to give, that the building of tide-mills should be a free industry. The higher coal goes, the more we shall want all sources of power; and a single lock on a river is no such great obstruction to commerce at best.

Another question of thoroughfares is that of roadways artificially built for general free use. We profess to be speaking of natural opportunities, but in practice we shall hardly find it possible to separate this problem altogether from that of opportunities artificially created with the intent that they be open to the public in a fashion more or less analogous to that of natural opportunities. Of such things the most obvious example is a paved public road.

Of such artificial opportunities that is true whatever is true of private property in general, so far as the special conditions of the case do not require specific exceptions. The reason for having such an institution as private property at all is that I sometimes work with the intention of producing a particular result, that the satisfaction of my work is spoiled if somebody steps in and starts his own work on the same thing in such a way as to prevent my work from producing its result, and hence that if the boys insist on stealing my melons I shall positively get a hive of the most irascible bees I can hear of and set it in my melon-patch. Also, of course, that I can raise more melons for myself than I could trust these boys to raise for me if we were supposed to be all working selflessly for each other; but I am not sure that this last, which is the motive oftenest spoken of, is in fact the strongest. Now the men who paved a road for the public to ride on wanted their work to come out in a certain way; and if somebody interferes with its coming out in that way, they will have the same motive for complaint that I have when my melons are stolen. If the creators of such a public

utility have not got in the public's way, there is no reason why they should not, if they choose, keep the same absolute control as in the case of their other property. If they choose to build a free public library and refuse to let red-haired people use it, well and good: the red-haired suffer no wrong, for they would have had no library there if these fools had not built it. But if they refuse to let a red-haired man walk on the road they pave, they cut him off from a walk which he could have taken with some satisfaction if the ground had been uncared-for, and he has a grievance. On the other hand, if they have built a good road for horses and it will be torn to pieces by motors, they have a grievance against any motor that runs on their road unless the motorist will do an amount of repairing that corresponds to his damage.

Our friends the game laws come up again under this head. The American lobster is considered such a dainty that it is in danger of extermination. Here step in a number of men who go into the business of raising infant lobsters and stocking the coast with them to keep up the breed. (It happens just now to be the United States government; but it might, and at some better future day it will, be a piscicultural association which gets its money honestly.) Their work is not thought to have a hopeful prospect unless the young lobsters are allowed to grow to the age at which they reproduce their kind. The fishermen are grateful for all new stock, but are not disposed to show their gratitude by sparing the lives of the half-grown lobsters, especially as their customers like these best of all.

As a general thing, if one man finds a form of wild life most useful in life and another finds it most useful in death, I do not see how the first man is to inhibit the second man's ravages except by merely permitting his preferences to override the other man's; if we are to plan a human society with the least possible overriding, the birds and blossoms will have to suffer till there is found some other method of protecting them than a direct prohibition of destruction. But when the life is no longer wild in the sense of being the spontaneous growth of the non-human world, but is the universally-welcome product of human industry directed to the manufacture of such wild life, then the industrious producers have the same grievance against one who cuts off the fruit of their work, exactly the same, as if they had not intended that this fruit should at its maturity be for the free gathering of everybody.

We have not quite yet, probably, come to the point where the lobsters of the New England coast can as a mass be considered to be the product of the pisciculturists' labours; there are a considerable percentage of aboriginal wild ones left. But we are approaching that point; and when we get to it, it will doubtless not be beyond the power of science to demonstrate the fact. When it is demonstrated, I think the pisciculturists can claim to be merely defending their own labours if they enforce any restrictions on lobster-catching that may be necessary to the preservation of the breed in its desired numbers. If there were two piscicultural associations both working in the same field, but not agreeing on the amount of restriction to be enforced, it would be the business of the more rigorous restricters to prove that the stock was dependent on their cultural activities and would go to the dogs if no more young were put in than their rivals furnished. If any persons who want short-lobster fishing to continue will show that they are providing sufficiently for the upkeep of lobsterdom, then nobody else can reasonably claim to stop this fishing on the ground of the work he is doing in the same cause.

If (as will hardly happen in the case of pisciculture, but might easily happen in the case of the roadway if there were freedom of competition) there are two claimants for the privilege of maintaining the public convenience, and both cannot

maintain it at once, I do not see but that the one which was first in the field must have the preference.

I am not fully satisfied to leave the game-law question in this shape. The trailing arbutus, New England's most admired spring flower, is in danger of being exterminated by its popularity, and nobody has yet discovered a way to propagate or cultivate it. But I do not see how to provide protection for the arbutus without giving up the rule of acting as if one man's wishes were as good as a dozen's; and when I see the present consequences of not insisting on that rule, I think leaving the arbutus to its fate is the lesser evil. Perhaps we can persuade the public to regard the purchase of arbutus bouquets as unpopular.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Rabindranath Tagore.

HIS SECOND BOOK INTO ENGLISH.

"The yellow bird sings in their tree and makes my heart dance with gladness.

We both live in the same village, and that is our one piece of joy.

Her pair of pet lambs come to graze in the shade of our garden trees.

If they stray into our barley field, I take them up in my arms.

The name of our village is Khanjana, and Anjana they call our river.

My name is known to all the village, and her name is Ranjana."

It is always better to quote Mr. Tagore than to review him. It is always much more convincing. Even when I tried to lecture about him I had to give it up and read from the then proofs of *Gitanjali*.

Mr. Tagore has come and gone, he has been wept over and he has been prayed over and they tried to get him into the academy and they tried to make him poet laureate. He suffered many fools with great patience. He went as quietly as he came. With—to use his own words—"With no exaggerated idea of his own importance." His attitude was the same the last time I saw him as it was almost the first, when he said to me quite simply, "What is it that you see in these translations? I did not know that they would interest a European."

If his admirers have confused his position in English literature with his position in Bengal literature, it is equally certain that he has not. If his entourage has presented him as a religious teacher rather than as an artist, it is much to be lamented. "I do not wish to be represented in English by *Gitanjali* alone," said this author whose voice has almost as many shades as one might have expected from Voltaire; and whose sense of humour is as delicate as that of any writer in Paris, and who might have written as well as another,

"Ouquel j'ay plus qu'autre gallé."

He has written something of the sort, and was vastly amused at the consternation which it caused among the pious of New York.

Why the good people of this island are unable to honour a fine artist as such; why they are incapable, or apparently incapable, of devising for his honour any better device than that of wrapping his life in cotton wool and parading about with the effigy of a sanctimonious moralist, remains and will remain for me an unsolvable mystery.

Rabindranath Tagore is not to be confused with that jolly and religious bourgeois Abdul Baha; nor with any Theosophist propaganda; nor with any of the various missionaries of the seven and seventy isms of the mystical East.

The Gardener. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co. 4/6 net.)

In Gitanjali he gave us the poems of his later life, poems which Davray of the *Mercure de France* calls "plus pur que les psaumes de David." It is a phrase which only a Frenchman would apply to the work of that barbarous Hebrew king.

Let us clear away the rubbish. Let me deny that Mr. Tagore is, in any exact sense, a mystic. Let us confine ourselves to a consideration of his art, as such, and as such sufficient.

Let us say that Mr. Tagore has an emotional contact with nature, an intuition more beautiful, in its own peculiar way, than any I have yet found in poetry. I do not mean to say that there are not other beauties just as beautiful. I do not mean to say that his sense of the life-flow and sun-flow is more beautiful than the mythopoeic sense. It is different.

It is by virtue of this sense that his poems, his poems translated as they now are into French and English have a certain place in world-literature, a place quite different from that which the originals, furnished with all sorts of rhyme and technical fineness, hold in the literature of contemporary India.

In Gitanjali he gave us the reflective songs of his late period, in "The Gardener" he gives us the Theocritan idylls of his youth. He gives us pure Imagisme in such verses as:

"Over the green and yellow rice fields sweep the shadows of the autumn clouds, followed by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey; drunken with light they foolishly hum and hover; and the ducks in the sandy riverbank clamour in joy for mere nothing.

None shall go back home, brothers, this morning, none shall go to work.

We will take the blue sky by storm and plunder the space as we run.

Laughters fly floating in the air like foams in the flood.

Brothers, we shall squander our morning in futile songs."

(I give the poem as it originally appeared in English, the later version is available in "The Gardener.")

I am not writing this article for Mr. Tagore's admirers, who have already canonized and deified him and set him with a tin harp on the right hand of God the Father Almighty world without end amen.

There have been various attacks on Mr. Tagore. Some have accused him of insincerity. They think that no man can be sincere unless he is also embittered.

Some have said that he was reaping credit really due to the older writers of India. I think they do not know how diligent Mr. Tagore has been in his endeavours to get earlier Hindi and Bengali poems edited and translated. I know that it was he who urged the Bengali edition of Kabir and I know that he has helped with the English translation of that author, and that he has urged other translations.

I do not think that an appreciation of Mr. Tagore's work need in any way interfere with an appreciation of Pratara Chandra Ray's heroic translation of the Mahabharata. The slow recognition of this latter work is a disgrace to the English world of letters, but Mr. Tagore cannot be held responsible.

The fact that this great classic is practically unavailable is a disgrace to English publishers. They have printed a rhymed synopsis, which is about what one might expect.

To say that Mr. Tagore did not compose the Mahabharata, is to say that Meleagar did not write the Odyssey. I cannot see that it pertains. Mr. Tagore is a lyric poet, it is with lyrics that one should compare him, and among them he will find his position.

In estimating his lyrics the critic should consider two things: the original and the translation. Any

translation is a makeshift, it is one side of an original. Consider what would remain of most of our best loved songs if they were turned into German prose, or into Italian or Russian prose. Consider that in any volume of Mr. Tagore's lyrics all the subtle varieties of rhyme order and of cadence which diversify a collection of the originals, must of necessity be lost. The refreshment which would come in the change from one meter to another is of necessity sacrificed. The intelligent reader will do more than read the prose, he will try to reconstruct some idea of the original, of the long hyper-feminine rhymes, of the rhyme-arrangements like those of the pleiade, of the long bars of the Oriental ragini. He will try to fit into this sound picture the meaning expressed in translation. No one but an imbecile ever tries to read a translation without attempting in some way to reconstruct the original setting.

With that in mind the reader may turn to the poem (44), "Reverend sir, forgive this pair of sinners," or to 49 which is even less set in the English, or to 57 or 62, or to 43 where he re-echoes the delicacy of La Chastelaine de St. Gilles, which itself echoes an older ballad,

"Nus de dois les le bois aller
Sanz son compaignette."

"No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic, whatever you may say."

I think what I am trying to say about these poems is that one must read each poem as a whole and then reconceive it as a song, of which you have half forgotten the words. You must see them not as you see stars on a flag but as you half see stars in the heaven.

The joy is in the under-running quality of the emotion, not in verbal felicities. It is where only the wise will seek it.

"I tried to answer, but our language had been lost and forgotten. . . . our names would not come to my mind."

"Yes, Tagore is a good lover" (as a friend from Burmah has said of him). It is not the Vita Nuova but it is as delicate. He kisses a chance-passing blind girl and says: you are as blind as your flowers. Where the young Dante would have written, and does write constantly "*Donna, gloriosa, della mia mente*," Tagore sees the figure always or nearly always out of doors, or at least among real surrounding; as if "*Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore*." He belongs "*nel Paradiso terrestre*."

"*Volsesi in sui vermigli ed in sui gialli*."

"*Non di più colpo, che soave vento*."

"*Ed una melodia dolce correva
Per l'aer luminoso*."

How many of the lines of these canti are in keeping with Rabindranath's content! How they come back upon one's mind as one reads him!

EZRA POUND.

Sayings of K'ung the Master.

Selected, with an introduction, by

ALLEN UPWARD.

THE name Confucius is an attempt on the part of Western missionaries to reproduce in Latin the sound of the Chinese *K'ung-fu-Tsze*, which may be rendered in English—"K'ung the Master."

The notions which prevail in the West concerning the character and work of the Master, it is to be feared, are not much less crude and illiterate than the current version of his name.

K'ung had nothing in common with the great religion-founders of Asia, with whom he has been so often compared by the well-meaning scholars who have unfortunately made the Master the subject of their writings. Only on one occasion did he intimate any consciousness of having been entrusted by Heaven with a mission. And this mission was not to reveal the counsels of Providence and the secrets of the Hereafter, but merely to recall the precepts of the ancient sages of China, and to urge his fellow-countrymen to live according to the voice of conscience and the rules of good behaviour.

No great teacher who ever lived taught men so little about the Unknown as K'ung. He refused to discuss the supernatural with his disciples, professing ignorance of the subject. Questioned on the subject of the duties owed by men towards spirits, he answered by urging the questioner first to fulfil his duties towards his fellow-men.

It is on this plane that his morality is established. Making no claim to knowledge of the future life, it followed that he did not pretend to train men for it, but contented himself with the humbler task of teaching them how to live on earth. Mean and insufficient as such an aim may seem to those who have been vouchsafed a clear and certain revelation from the Beyond, it entitles the Master to a lofty rank among creatures of mortal birth.

The questions which have been raised by Western missionaries concerning the religious belief of the Master could hardly have seemed to him to be otherwise than childish and impertinent. That unseen Power which encompasses the life of man, and for which men have found so many names and attributes, is known to the Chinese as *Tien*, a word which seems very nearly to correspond with our English *Heaven*. The meaning of this word extends from the visible firmament to the Providence which shapes our lives: it is wide enough to furnish a common term for physics and metaphysics, and to embrace every variety of religious belief. We tread upon the borders of mystery, a mystery of which the ancient Gnostics were dimly aware.

When the first proselytizing zealots from the West were trying to insert their squared and geometrical dogmas into the round Chinese mind, they stumbled at this word, for which their clerical dialect had no equivalent. The question was solemnly argued before their Pope, whether *Tien* should be translated by the Latin *coelum*, or *deus*. The Pope pronounced in favour of *coelum*, and branded one-third of mankind as materialists. Had the language of his Church been English, he might have better understood the problem, and the world have been spared a judgment so calculated to confirm the Chinese in their contempt and dislike for the barbarian missionaries.

By their possession of this sublime term, one which can be used with equal satisfaction by the philosopher and the child, the followers of K'ung have been preserved from that anthropomorphic vein of language which has so deeply tinctured all Western theology, and has tended to keep down our notions of the Divine Power to the level of the savage.

The attitude of K'ung towards theology was part of his general attitude, which may be summed up in the expression—Deeds, not words.

As he sought to learn and obey the will of Heaven, rather than to inquire curiously into the personality and attributes of Divine Beings, so he over and over again insists that the loftiest moral sentiments are of insignificant value as compared with good conduct. The Western belief that it is a good thing if men can be induced regularly to profess exalted principles, however little they may carry them into practice, is disapproved by the teacher of China. "The superior man is modest in his speech, but goes further in his actions." If it be materialism to prefer example to precept, K'ung must indeed be regarded as a materialist. He even wished not to preach. By his life he sought to influence men, without many words.

As radium is a source of heat, so certain men are founts of moral energy. Such was the character of K'ung the Master, and it fitted him for the task to which he was called.

He was born (B.C. 551) in an age when the Chinese Empire, already venerable and vast, seemed breaking up into a number of warring principalities, whose chiefs or dukes had reduced the authority of the Imperial throne to a shadow, while they themselves had sunk to be the pensioned creatures of corrupt and ambitious ministerial families. But the memory lingered of a better age, when the "black-haired people" had been ruled and civilised by paternal emperors and sages. The aim which the Master set before himself was to revive those happier conditions, by impressing the rulers and ministers of states with the great truths of political morality as understood by the Chinese.

These truths are not those with which we are most familiar in the West. The idea of the family lies at the root of the Chinese constitution. The Emperor is the father of his people; he owes them a father's tender care, and is entitled to their filial reverence in return. Thus, while the language of the Master towards princes is as bold as that of any Western reformer, he nowhere introduces the ideas of democracy or political freedom. To find fault with him for this is to find fault with him for not having been born in the meridian of Greenwich in the nineteenth century. K'ung sought to reform men, not systems of government. He taught that virtuous magistrates make virtuous subjects, and his own example went some way to prove his doctrine.

The descent of K'ung has been traced to the famous Yellow Emperor, who established the Chinese era some two thousand years before. It is certain that he was related to the ducal house which reigned in Loo; and thus, although born to poverty, an official career lay open to him. In the humble office of keeper of the grain-stores he showed integrity and prudence. After his learning and apostolic life had gained him renown he rose gradually to the high office of Minister of Crime. Acting in this capacity, we are told, he nearly succeeded in banishing evil-doers from the State. The reigning Duke placed entire confidence in him, and was on the eve of making K'ung Prime Minister, when a neighbouring ruler, who dreaded the growing prosperity of Loo, sent a present of dancing girls to the Duke. For three days the Duke neglected the affairs of State, and on the third day K'ung resigned his office.

From that time forth his life was that of a poor and wandering missionary of virtue, ever ready to take office on condition of being allowed to carry out his own high principles, and ever rebuffed by the selfish and short-sighted princes among whom he came.

How great a part the Master assigned to good government in promoting the happiness of mankind, is illustrated by a famous anecdote. Travelling in company with some disciples, he came one day upon a woman who was weeping the loss of her son, the third member of her family who had been devoured on the same spot by a tiger. On the Master inquiring why she did not leave the neighbourhood where she had suffered such calamities, the woman answered,—"The government here is not bad." K'ung at once turned to those with him: "You see that bad government is worse than a tiger."

An empire governed by the wise, under the shield of a sacred dynasty, in the interest, and for the happiness, of the humble,—such is the ideal which K'ung placed before his countrymen, and to whose realisation the efforts of Chinese statesmen have been directed ever since.

The Master employed his enforced leisure from public business in editing the literary monuments of the past, chief among which must be reckoned the Book of the Odes. He himself wrote nothing save a meagre chronicle to which he gave the title of

'Spring and Autumn.' Some of his utterances were collected by his disciples, and embodied in the work, "Sayings and Answers." For a knowledge of this volume, and the other works of the Confucian Bible, the English public are indebted chiefly to Legge, from whose translation of the "Analects" the present selection has been for the most part drawn. The passages chosen are generally those which seem most widely interesting, omitting such as apply more particularly to the circumstances of the Master's own age and country.

In reading them it must be borne in mind that they represent not the full expression of a philosophy, but rather the scattered observations of one who was first and foremost a practical statesman. The real monument of K'ung the Master is not the literary canon associated with his name, but the Chinese Empire itself, the greatest and most enduring of human societies, under whose shelter nearly a third of the human race have lived in comparative civilisation and happiness from an age far antedating the foundation of Troy or the Exodus of the Hebrews, down to the present day, and which, during that vast period, has been known to those who inhabit it as the Heavenly Kingdom.

This stupendous creation now lies, helpless through its own love of peace, at the mercy of the armed Christian powers who invaded it to avenge their missionaries, immediately after holding a conference to proclaim the gospel of peace and disarmament. But though the State which K'ung re-established may pass away, his work cannot be wholly destroyed. As a moral teacher he must continue to appeal more and more to minds which have outgrown the emotional phases of primitive religion. Some truths are for all time. When the Master declared that a rule of morality binding on himself need not bind a disciple whose own conscience did not enjoin it on him, he reached a height to which mankind have hardly yet lifted their eyes, and announced a freedom compared with which ours is still an empty name.

SAYINGS AND ANSWERS.

I.

THE MASTER ON HIMSELF.

The Master said,—“I will not be afflicted because men do not know me; I will be afflicted because I do not know men.”

The Master said,—“At fifteen I had my mind bent on learning.

“At thirty, I stood firm.

“At forty, I had no doubts.

“At fifty, I knew the decrees of Heaven.

“At sixty, my ear was an obedient vessel.

“At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right.”

Tsze-lu said,—“I should like, sir, to hear your wishes.” The Master said,—“In regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends, to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly.”

The Master said,—“It is all over! I have not seen one who could perceive his faults and inwardly accuse himself.”

The Master said,—“In a hamlet of ten families there may be found one as honourable and sincere as I am, but not so fond of learning.”

The Master said,—“A transmitter, and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients, I venture to compare myself with our old P'ang.”*

The Master said,—“The having virtue without proper cultivation; the not thoroughly discussing what is learned; not being able to move towards

righteousness of which I have gained the knowledge; and not being able to change what is not good:—these are the things which cause me solicitude.”

The Master said,—“Extreme is my decay. For a long time I have not dreamed, as I was wont to do, that I saw the Duke of Chow.”†

The Master said,—“From the man bringing his bundle of dried flesh upwards, I have never refused instruction to any one.”

The Master said,—“I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson.”

The Master said,—“I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one.”

The Master said,—“My doctrine is one throughout.”§ Tsang the learner replied,—“Yes.”

The Master went out, and the disciples asked,—“What do his words mean?” Tsang said,—“The doctrine of our master is to be true to the principles of our nature, and the benevolent exercise of them towards others,—this and nothing more.”

Tsae Yu being asleep during the daytime, the Master said,—“Rotten wood cannot be carved; mud will not receive the trowel. This Yu—what is the use of my reproving him?”

The Master said,—“At first my way with men was to hear their words, and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct. It is from Yu that I have learned to make this change.”

When the Master was in Ch'in he said,—“Let me return! Let me return! The little children of my school are ambitious and too hasty. They are accomplished and complete so far, but they do not know how to restrict and shape themselves.”

The Master said,—“With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow,—I still have joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honour acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a fleeting cloud.”

The Master said,—“I am not one who was born in the possession of knowledge; I am one who is fond of antiquity, and earnest in study.”

The Master said,—“Do you think, my disciples, that I have any concealments? There is nothing I do which is not shown to you:—that is my way.”

The Master was in danger in K'wang. He said,—“After the death of King Wan, was not the cause of truth lodged here? If Heaven had wished the cause of truth to perish, then I, a future mortal, should not have been placed in such a relation to that cause. While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me?”

The Master said,—“The Fung bird does not come; the river sends forth no chart: it is all over with me.”**

(To be continued.)

† An ancient ruler whose institutions K'ung had hoped to revive.

§ These words are esteemed by the Chinese the most profound of the "Sayings."

**The Fung was fabled to appear as a herald of righteousness. The oldest of the Chinese sages was fabled to have learnt his wisdom from the markings on the back of a river monster. The missionary Legge is not ashamed to say that K'ung "endorses" these legends.

* Believed to have been an official of the Shang dynasty.

"The Horses of Diomedes."

By REMY DE GOURMONT.

(Translated by C. Sartoris.)

XI.—THE BARGE.

I wish to spring unto another vessel
and to have the old barge sink
with all my sins.

SEATED in the arm-chair which Néobelle had just quitted, he mused, clasping the letter between his fingers, surprised at having abandoned himself so frankly to pathetic discourse and gesture. But so many emotions, both modes, sensual and sentimental, had wearied him as much as long wanderings among conflicting sorts of scenery, would have done. He mused without thought, numbed rather into a pleasant fatigue, uneasy and yet satisfied as if with a victory.

Soon, he ceased even to muse. He perceived the near sounds of dancing. Astonished that no couple should have attempted to intrude into a corner so well known and where so many shoulders had been kissed perhaps greedily, he went to lift the tapestry which separated the little, solitary drawing-room from the others. The door was locked. The other one, that which gave directly on to the ante-chamber and by which Néobelle had disappeared, remained open. Servants were half asleep. On the tables there lay the few remaining coats from which he chose his own. The music ceased, people came out; he retreated quickly, not wishing to see anyone.

At the same instant the locked door opened and Cyrène appeared.

— I knew you were there, I was watching you. How I must love you Diomedes, to leave you locked in alone with my daughter.

— The whole world might have come in by the other door.

— No, this evening the inner door was open only from within.

— I am just as pleased not to have known all that beforehand, resumed Diomedes, Néo knew it?

— No, I did it all. I know you love each other and it pleases me.

— She is really your daughter?

— My real daughter. You would prefer not?

— Almost.

— She is so little like me. In stature and figure and that is all. I adore her and she despises me. If she had my disposition, she would love me. . . . It is better thus. . . . Néo is an admirable creature before whom I kneel, dazzled and faltering. I adore without understanding. . . . You alone perhaps could unravel that hieratic writing. . . . One does not know what she wishes. . . . At last she loves you. . . .

— Yes, resumed Diomedes very simply, I believe she loves me.

— And you?

— I; I am crushed. I await the stroke of mercy—and mercy. . . .

— Ah! be witty, the joy and life of an unhappy girl depend on you. She offers you all her beauty and all her heart.

— Oh, don't be sentimental Cyrène. Have the modesty of sentiment; that is what I call not being sentimental, and let me love with irony if such be my manner of loving.

— Women, said Cyrène, have no modesty, you know it, without doubt, better than I do, but modesty is the last thing of which they are capable. To speak of love is to them perhaps more pleasing than to love. Do you really believe that I can love Cyran secretly? No, I wish to scream my feelings for

him, spread them, expose them—on every wall, on my forehead and on his. I am happier in having seen him one hour ceremoniously in my house than to have passed eight days of solitude with him. The world knows he left me, the world knows it grieves me; the world will know that we met. . . .

Cyrène mused a moment; she resumed:

— He has taken the first step; he will take others.

I wish to die near him. . . . I am no more such as you think me and such as I seem, Diomedes; and if I wish to be loved again by Cyran (loved the way he wishes) it is to be able to appear at least such as I have become. . . . The adolescents, Diomedes, youthful charmers and young sirens, I would so wish to escape them! I feel I am losing myself, my barge is sinking; the water is blue and warm but deep; I will disappear wholly. . . . No, I wish to live, and remain beautiful and proud; leave the world and not be left by the world. I wish to spring unto another vessel and to let the old barge sink with all my sins; they are heavy, it will touch the bottom. On the other vessel, I shall establish myself very sensibly but with great dignity, as a queen who has just abdicated but who keeps her royal habits and demeanour. Have I not reigned truly over a whole people? By my beauty and by my lust? Yes by that almost alone, for the rest would have been nothing without the scandal of my life.

— Ah, Cyrène, is it then the hour of flagellation?

— It would have struck already but Cyran delayed the clock.

— You will be regretted.

— And I leave no heiress.

— I hope not, answered Diomedes.

Cyrène looked at him without anger.

— That is the first touch of the lash, continue.

— Hardly, a small silken cord, my friend. Send me away.

— Everything is closed, said Cyrène, you will pass through my room and the small staircase.

— No, that would be too much temptation.

He followed however, troubled, fearing the weakness of the flesh but Cyrène crossing the room without hesitation, had already opened the hidden door. Diomedes, through instinct or remembrance, glanced towards the bed the place of which he knew, it was undone and in the dim light he thought he saw a head bury itself in the pillow. Then, in a fit of hypocritical indignation—for would he, Diomedes, have resisted the violent arms—he railed at Cyrène and in a low voice, as she held a light for him on the staircase.

— Cyrène, you lie to your own words. Who is there?

Cyrène answered coldly.

— Elian.

— Then all you said to me?

— I shall renounce myself but in the security of my heart.

— Sacrifice that.

— Diomedes I entreat you.

— But why give me this exhibition and force me into an absurd part? Here I am moralizing, at two in the morning, on the third step of the stairway which leads to the alcove. I am inclined to laugh. . . . It is true you are free, but to believe you

Cyrène, to believe you!

— If I had so willed, it would be you who would be in the alcove.

And to punish Diomedes, leaning over him, she touched his forehead with her bare shoulder

Diomedes went down one step.

— Go away.

— Sacrifice Elian.

— I leave you.

— I will believe you no more.

— He is the last one, Diomedes. Still that one, I longed for Elian, he is the last.

— And Flavie?

— A bagatelle.

— Sacrifice Elian.

— No, my friend, I wish to choose my last word. Good-night.

She went back. Diomedes heard the rattling of the locks.

Then he walked back up the four steps, and listened.

Elian had left the couch when the first lock rattled and there, close to the little door, it was a slow and curious possession with a crushing of stuffs and rapid embraces. . . . He heard Cyrène pronounce an obscene word then it seemed to him that she carried off the adolescent in her arms. . . .

He mused whilst the street door was being opened for him.

"Cyrène has arrived at the excitement of the filthy word. . . . I pity her. . . . However, it goes with her age."

Then further:

"Decidedly, the loves of others, are very uninteresting."

XII.—PERFUMES.

That perfume of lavender and nuts
as yet untroubled by male touch.

Diomedes awakened in the sunshine and had, before any thought, the feeling of happiness. It was warm; the curtains smiled on the clear panes; he rose, walked unclothed. Flowers bloomed naïvely in a bowl; green plants spread their leaves, their stalks were bent under clusters of blossoms.

He was long amused at living thus, free and attentive to the humming peace of the spring-like morning. Having opened a window giving on nothing, on summits of trees, on the heavens, he stood erect, divinely proud, on the threshold of renewed nature.

Then, his state of nudity inclining him towards sexual thoughts, he understood the cause of his joy, ran towards his clothes, opened the letter with haste. It was still fragrant with a perfume of flesh; he read it standing amongst the flowers and the leaves that softly brushed his skin. Four leaflets well filled and as if adorned with arabesques. He found this straight writing, full of loops, noble, cordial, sensual also in the undulating curves of the dashes, which seemed to prolong the words like kisses; which folded themselves back like arms, to keep longer the delight of the idea. The avowals did not surprise him, of the restrictions and doubts he had but an indistinct perception; all that was neither desire nor gift, was swamped in the remembrance of recent ecstasies.

His happiness was heightened by the certitude of dominating this superb creature henceforward; she had come to him, stripped of her pride and almost of her dress, torn in sign of submission. . . . Moved, he gave himself the promise to be for Néo a magnificent friend, a sensual and sentimental treasure diffused as a rain of summer over all her body and even over the obscure depths of her verdant soul. He loved her under the form of a young, fresh, strong, and leafy tree, which one clasps, of which one plucks a branch, at the foot of which, one lies in a fragrant and warm shade. She gave him the sensation of firmness, of security and from dreaming of the young tree with a verdant soul, he saw himself, rooted to the same soil, quivering in the morning wind, swooning in an entwining of boughs, fraternal and voluptuous.

Suddenly he desired her. The pathetic scenes of the night reascended slowly to his eyes, then re-descended along his nerves, draining the blood from his arteries, closing the maddened gates of his veins; he recalled, almost swooning, the golden arms, in which the blue lines coursed like waves, the gently sloping shoulders, the large, deep breasts, rendered whiter by the purple of their gemmæ; and he breathed in that perfume of lavender and nuts, as yet untroubled by male touch.

The sun disappeared behind a cloud; Diomedes dressed himself, recovered his calm and his lucidity, but still following the same train of thought, he discoursed inwardly on the peculiarity and the diversity of feminine perfumes, their part in the things of love, the absurdity of wedding a woman without having inhaled the fragrance of her flesh. He then understood the usefulness of balls, amused that sensual exigencies should have imposed upon the most chaste of maidens, the offering of themselves, open flowers, to the discreet pursuings of the suitors. Going even further, he admitted the necessity of the majority of traditional customs, even those of which the significance is forgotten: thus, sea bathing and the semi-nudity of the beach, it was the revenge of natural immodesty on the imprisoning of bosoms and arms, on the length of skirts, on the deceit of dresses and bodices. A people accustomed to a certain nakedness would bathe in a sweating room and not in the hard and treacherous water of the ocean. But it is necessary that women, the matrix of the race, should disrobe at least once a year under the eye of the males. Stronger than all religions, than all moralities, instinct commands and modesty obeys.

Reflecting on his recent conversation with Pascale he regretted not having proved to him that the dress of a young girl, after three or four years of balls and sea-side pleasures, covers but a flesh as well known as a whole, to the eyes, the hands of male intuition as the public flesh of the model or the courtesan.

And yet, he did not condemn either the morality or the modesty, or the struggle against nature; to him this perpetual state of oscillation between the animal instinct and human instinct was interesting; the work of geniuses, training collar and necklace; ornament singularly happy and significant. . . .

"It is the frontal of the high-priest, the sign of election. Such as he has become, man is a being opposed to nature: in that is his beauty. But it is not a bad thing that nature should sometimes recall him to his origin, bend him towards her hard breasts and her hips of stone, so that he should know that the joy is to be a man and not to be an animal. Oh! how unnatural Néo really is! It is not natural that a woman should be beautiful, fair and somewhat golden. It is her soul that renders her beautiful, the obscurity of houses and of clothes that makes her fair, the hot house of civilisation that discolours her hair and gives the pale colour of amber to the down of her arms, smooths her skin, and has made of all her body, a thing of softness. . . . The men of our race who would live nude, would acquire the colour of old red copper kettles, and the women who give us our pleasures, would resemble the watermen who empty sand-filled boats along the river.

Diomedes smiled at the thought of the naïve draughtsmen who illustrate prehistorical novels with small Praxiteles, or have lilacious bosoms and pure shoulders blossoming amongst the stench of putrid viands on the outskirts of the caverns. He smiled also at the thought of the writers.

"Animal beauty is natural. Human beauty is not natural. It is an invention slowly perfected, one of the visible works and the masterpiece of intelligence."

Having breakfasted, he read over the letter. Then the doubts and reticences assailed him, bursting like a seedling of ink stains amongst the cordial arabesques. He suffered.

"Have not the gestures and the words of yesterday evening effaced the little ink stains? All this retraction of herself, and this dividing in two beings, one of blood, the other of soul, is it anything else but the gesture of lowering her dress when the passer-by gazes with too strong desire at the limbs of the passing woman?"

Her fichu crossed doubly on her breast? But she tore it herself, tearing all the lines of the letter by which she denied her love."

And little by little, he was comforted,

Fear dominated him no longer. The gloomy bird which hovered over his head, had fallen at his feet, wings closed, but the beast, still palpitating writhed, and its feathers fluttered.

He felt that in himself a great renewal was about to take place, that the manifold horizons which stayed his amused gaze, were about to be veiled in mist, one only remaining clear in the universal twilight.

Then he wished for himself the necessary power to suffer this darkness and this anguish, watchful to know whether Néobelle would be resplendent enough to illuminate, a unique star, the world of his thoughts, of his desires, and of his dreams!

The knowledge of this singular maiden, of dissimilar purposes, was still confused in his mind, impressed with enthusiasm but not freed from all egoistical apprehension. Bee, wasp, or drone, would she not convey to his brain, illogical germs and prepare there in the secrecy of the gynæceum, anomalous fecundations and an illusive posterity?

"She will wish to substitute for my lingering and ironical pleasures, felicities too certain and too precise, for she must have, being a woman, a practical and determined goal in life,—and I, I only desire to live a little, a little at a time, sparing my nerves and my sensitiveness, my whole intelligence folded and unfolded slowly, according to the opportunities of prey, such as the lazy vertebræ of a large snake that seems to sleep amongst the reeds. . . .

To play with life, to play with ideas, to have two or three principles, solid, but netted as a racket, so that everything should pass through save the essential. . . . And what is essential except accomplishing one's salvation, according to the very noble Christian expression, that is to say, to realise oneself according to one's nature and according to one's genius? . . . If that alone is essential, I will love Néobelle, whatever happens; the pilgrim who travels in the snow, must love the house which opens at his call and the hearth which kindles for his wet limbs. . . .

But the house should not be divided into two halls, one ardent and the other morose, there should be but one flame, one table, one bed and the smile of the woman should acknowledge an intelligent sensuality and all the spiritual refinements. . . .

Here his meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Pascase. Diomedes, once more, was pleased by it. The whirlwind of ideas was stayed. Pascase was satisfied and irritated. Softened by the promises of Cyrène he still revolted against the immoralities with which he had come in contact. Knowing beforehand, the tenure of all pleadings in the moral theme, Diomedes listened with indifference. At the end, he retorted:

— Two or three times in a century, one changes or one cleans the glass panes of the hot house in which one lives. At first the more luminous light enables us to see more closely and to understand more clearly, the playings of our morals, but little by little the rain and the dust dull the panes; they become lined with moss; flies multiply their shadows and their specks; first comes opacity, then almost night. . . . But be it clear or dark, morals are always the same, for the same sexes dance the same roundelay, in the same world. . . . You live at a time when the panes have just been changed (or cleansed), the light is clear, your eyes have all their clairvoyance—and you sincerely believe that Elian or Flavie are exceptional little monsters endowed with a special mission on an earth threatened with catastrophes and conflagrations. . . . Jehovah himself was thus mistaken when he destroyed the towns which he wished to curse, but experience has doubtless taught him, or perhaps indulgence, since he looks upon Paris without anger. . . .

— What do you know of it? said Pascase.

Diomedes continued gently:

. . . and perhaps smiling. I believe God has become, as we have, indulgent. Have you noticed Pascase, the kindness of God and his infinite patience in modelling his divine soul on the human soul? His thoughts always conform to those of the thirty intellectual, righteous men who govern the world without the world observing it, themselves led in their course by a chosen one who often remains ignored by men. God has thought as Pythagoras, who is now but a name; as Saint Bernard, whose ideas shock us; as Spinoza whom no one has read. . . .

God is alive, Pascase. He is truly the Eternal. He is transformed without losing a particle of his divinity, and Phoenix, he bursts forth always, although different, essentially like himself, from the Pyre where burns the intellectual flame.

Introduced to an idea Pascase knew how to stir therein. He said:

— Your way of explaining God is equivalent to denying him. . . .

— Oh! what more candid assertion? I have the faith of an old woman. . . .

But Diomedes smiled slightly.

— I believe God immutable, resumed Pascase; perhaps indulgent, perhaps patient. . . . But I believe also, and it is one of your sayings that I have meditated, that at certain hours in the centuries, he ceases to look, that is to say, to think the world. Then the divine slowly ebbs from human souls. The fragrance of the infinite abandons the creatures; the perfume which had impregnated the earth returns to its source, and souls close themselves as the blossoms of convolvuluses close at night. It is the interreign. Sometimes I dream that perhaps we are living at such a period. The night is soft but dreary, the grasses sway under the mist, the leaves are silent, the moon sleeps and the stars are sad. God is thinking other worlds.

Diomedes thought this very beautiful, very terrifying:

— What a subject for dreams, Pascase! This universe delivered up to laws, to the brutal causality, to the implacable rule of affinities and repulsions, to Force, that is to say, to Stupidity! In short, a universe without Intelligence which is the perpetual negation of Law, which is love, which is bliss, which is the sword against which the imbecile force rushes and pierces itself!

— That state of horror, said Pascase, is agreeable to many men. After all, it is the scientific conception of the world. It is perhaps the true one.

— Perhaps, answered Diomedes sadly.

Besides which the thought of a man binds but one man. There are many truths. Some live, others are dead; the others will die. . . . But according to that system Pascase, if you adopted it (which would surprise me) on what would you establish the basilica of your good mother Morality?

— On nothing. It would even be absurd to try and lay its foundation stone.

Diomedes resumed:

— Pascase, is not all this in the main somewhat indifferent to you? Would you not prefer to kiss the hair of little Flavie?

— No, it is too short.

— Short, but pretty and fine. Yet you are right, for she would refuse your man's lips. Flavie has principles; she will die virgin of male caresses. These aberrations are not unpleasant as are those of Elian. And besides, he is mercenary. . . .

— Oh!

— Yes; it is ugly and very squalid, but illnesses also are ugly yet must be touched. My friend, if one wrote something of our life, could one deny that we have lived, we who are innocent of such low vices, amongst the Elians with curled locks? Should one refrain in depicting a forest scenery, from painting mushrooms because they are venenous? My character does not allow indignation. I am curious

and not a moralist, I practise anatomy and not medicine. I wish to know how the heart of the animal is rooted; I do not draw up prescriptions.

While dining, they were occupied with the work that Pascase could accept in the newspapers ruled by Cyrène, and Diomedes smiled at the eagerness of his friend to introduce himself into a milieu which he despised.

He mused :

"He also, is mercenary, and yet he is the most honest man in the world and the purest of hearts.

All is but irony."

(To be continued.)

The Serious Artist.

III.—EMOTION AND POESY.

OBVIOUSLY, it is not easy to be a great poet. If it were, many more people would have done so. At no period in history has the world been free of people who have mildly desired to be great poets and not a few have endeavoured conscientiously to be such.

I am aware that adjectives of magnitude are held to savour of barbarism. Still there is no shame in desiring to give great gifts and an enlightened criticism does not draw ignominious comparisons between Villon and Dante. The so-called major poets have most of them given their *own* gift, but the peculiar term "major" is rather a gift to them from Chronos. I mean that they have been born upon the stroke of their hour and that it has been given them to heap together and arrange and harmonize the results of many men's labour. This very faculty for amalgamation is a part of their genius and it is, in a way, a sort of modesty, a sort of unselfishness. They have not wished for property.

The men from whom Dante borrowed are remembered as much for the fact that he did borrow as for their own compositions. At the same time he gave of his own, and no mere compiler and classifier of other men's discoveries is given the name of "major poet" for more than a season.

If Dante had not done a deal more than borrow rhymes from Arnaut Daniel and theology from Aquinas he would not be published by Dent in the year of grace 1913.

We might come to believe that the thing that matters in art is a sort of energy, something more or less like electricity or radio-activity, a force trans-fusing, welding, and unifying. A force rather like water when it spurts up through very bright sand and sets it in swift motion. You may make what image you like.

I do not know that there is much use in composing an answer to the often asked question: What is the difference between poetry and prose?

I believe that poetry is the more highly energized. But these things are relative. Just as we say that a certain temperature is hot and another cold. In the same way we say that a certain prose passage "Is poetry" meaning to praise it, and that a certain passage of verse is "only prose" meaning dispraise. And at the same time "Poetry!!!" is used as a synonym for "Bosh! Rott!! Rubbish!!!" The thing that counts is "Good Writing."

And "Good writing" is perfect control. And it is quite easy to control a thing that has in it no energy—provided that it be not too heavy and that you do not wish to make it move.

And, as all the words that one would use in writing about these things are the vague words of daily speech, it is nearly impossible to write with scientific preciseness about "prose and verse" unless one writes a complete treatise on the "art of writing," defining each word as one would define the terms in

a treatise on chemistry. And on this account all essays about "poetry" are usually not only dull but inaccurate and wholly useless. And on like account if you ask a good painter to tell you what he is trying to do to a canvas he will very probably wave his hands helplessly and murmur that "He—eh—eh—he can't talk about it." And that if you "see anything at all, he is quite—eh—more or less—eh—satisfied."

Nevertheless it has been held for a shameful thing that a man should not be able to give a reason for his acts and words. And if one does not care about being taken for a mystificateur one may as well try to give approximate answers to questions asked in good faith. It might be better to do the thing thoroughly in a properly accurate treatise, but one has not always two or three spare years at one's disposal, and one is dealing with very subtle and complicated matter, and even so, the very algebra of logic is itself open to debate.

Roughly then, Good writing is writing that is perfectly controlled, the writer says just what he means. He says it with complete clarity and simplicity. He uses the smallest possible number of words. I do not mean that he skimps paper, or that he screws about like Tacitus to get his thought crowded into the least possible space. But, granting that two sentences are at times easier to understand than one sentence containing the double meaning, the author tries to communicate with the reader with the greatest possible despatch, save where for any one of forty reasons he does not wish to do so.

Also there are various kinds of clarity. There is the clarity of the request: Send me four pounds of ten-penny nails. And there is the syntactical simplicity of the request: Buy me the kind of Rembrandt I like. This last is an utter cryptogram. It presupposes a more complex and intimate understanding of the speaker than most of us ever acquire of anyone. It has as many meanings, almost, as there are persons who might speak it. To a stranger it conveys nothing at all.

It is the almost constant labour of the prose artist to translate this latter kind of clarity into the former; to say "Send me the kind of Rembrandt I like" in the terms of "Send me four pounds of ten-penny nails."

The whole thing is an evolution. In the beginning simple words were enough: Food; water; fire. Both prose and poetry are but an extension of language. Man desires to communicate with his fellows. He desires an ever increasingly complicated communication. Gesture serves up to a point. Symbols may serve. When you desire something not present to the eye or when you desire to communicate ideas, you must have recourse to speech. Gradually you wish to communicate something less bare and ambiguous than ideas. You wish to communicate an idea and its modifications, an idea and a crowd of its effects, atmospheres, contradictions. You wish to question whether a certain formula works in every case, or in what percent. of cases etc. etc. etc. you get the Henry James novel.

You wish to communicate an idea and its concomitant emotions, or an emotion and its concomitant ideas, or a sensation and its derivative emotions, or an impression that is emotive, etc. etc. etc. You begin with the yeowl and the bark, and you develop into the dance and into music, and into music with words, and finally into words with music, and finally into words with a vague adumbration of music, words suggestive of music, words measured, or words in a rhythm that preserves some accurate trait of the emotive impression, or of the sheer character of the fostering or parental emotion.

When this rhythm, or when the vowel and consonantal melody or sequence seems truly to bear the trace of emotion which the poem (for we have come at last to the poem) is intended to communicate, we say that this part of the work is good. And "this

part of the work" is by now "technique." That "dry, dull, pedantic" technique, that all bad artists rail against. It is only a part of technique, it is rhythm, cadence, and the arrangement of sounds.

Also the "prose," the words and their sense must be such as fit the emotion. Or, from the other side, ideas, or fragments of ideas, the emotion and concomitant emotions of this "Intellectual and Emotional Complex" (for we have come to the intellectual and emotional complex) must be in harmony, they must form an organism, they must be an oak sprung from one acorn.

When you have words of a lament set to the rhythm and tempo of "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night" you have either an intentional burlesque or you have rotten art. Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" is one of the rottenest poems ever written, at least one of the worst ascribable to a recognized author. It jiggles to the same tune as "A little peach in the orchard grew." Yet Shelley recovered and wrote the fifth act of the Cenci.

II.

It is occasionally suggested by the wise that poets should acquire the graces of prose. That is an extension of what has been said above anent control. Prose does not need emotion. It may, but it need not, attempt to portray emotion.

Poetry is a centaur. The thinking word, arranging, clarifying faculty must move and leap with the energizing, sentient, musical faculties. It is precisely the difficulty of this amphibious existence that keeps down the census record of good poets. The accomplished prose author will tell you that he "can only write poetry when he has a belly-ache" and thence he will argue that poetry just isn't an art.

I dare say there are very good marksmen who just can't shoot from a horse.

Likewise if a good marksman only mounted a few times he might never acquire any proficiency in shooting from the saddle. Or leaving metaphor, I suppose that what, in the long run, makes the poet is a sort of persistence of the emotional nature, and, joined with this, a peculiar sort of control.

The saying that "a lyric poet might as well die at thirty" is simply saying that the emotional nature seldom survives this age, or that it becomes, at any rate, subjected and incapable of moving the whole man. Of course this is a generality, and, as such, inaccurate.

It is true that most people poetize more or less, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three. The emotions are new, and, to their possessor, interesting, and there is not much mind or personality to be moved. As the man, as his mind, becomes a heavier and heavier machine, a constantly more complicated structure, it requires a constantly greater voltage of emotional energy to set it in harmonious motion. It is certain that the emotions increase in vigour as a vigorous man matures. In the case of Guido we have his strongest work at fifty. Most important poetry has been written by men over thirty.

"En l'an trentiesme de mon eage," begins Villon and considering the nature of his life thirty would have seen him more spent than forty years of more orderly living.

Aristotle will tell you that "The apt use of metaphor, being as it is, the swift perception of relations, is the true hall-mark of genius." That abundance, that readiness of the image is indeed one of the surest proofs that the mind is upborne upon the emotional surge.

By "apt use," I should say it were well to understand, a swiftness, almost a violence, and certainly a vividness. This does not mean elaboration and complication.

There is another poignancy which I do not care to analyze into component parts, if, indeed, such vivisection is possible. It is not the formal phrasing of Flaubert (which you have seen recently praised by

another writer in these columns) much as such formality is desirable and noble. It is such phrasing as we find in

"Era gia l'ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti" . . .

Or the opening of the ballata which begins:

"Perch'io non spero di tornar gia mai
Ballatetta, in Toscana."

Or

"S'ils n'ayment fors que pour l'argent,
On ne les ayme que pour l'heure."

Or, in its context:

"The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,"

or, in its so different setting,

"Ne maeg werigmod wyrde widhstondan
ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman:
for dhon domgeorne dreorigne oft
in hyra breostcofan bindath faeste."

For these things have in them that passionate simplicity which is beyond the precisions of the intellect. Truly they are perfect as fine prose is perfect, but they are in some way different from the clear statements of the observer. They are in some way different from that so masterly ending of the Herodias: "Comme elle etait tres lourde ils la portaient alternativement," or from the constatation in St. Julian Hospitalier: "Et l'idee lui vient d'employer son existence au service des autres."

The prose author has shown the triumph of his intellect and one knows that such triumph is not without its sufferings by the way, but by the verses one is brought upon the passionate moment. This moment has brought with it nothing that violates the prose simplicities. The intellect has not found it but the intellect has been moved.

There is little but folly in seeking the lines of division, yet if the two arts must be divided we may as well use that line as any other. In the verse something has come upon the intelligence. In the prose the intelligence has found a subject for its observations. The poetic fact pre-exists.

In a different way, of course, the subject of the prose pre-exists. Perhaps the difference is unmonstrable, perhaps it is not even communicable to any save those of good will. Yet I think this orderliness in the greatest poetic passages, this quiet statement that partakes of the nature of prose and is yet afloat and tossed in the emotional surges, is perhaps as true a test as that mentioned by the Greek theoretician.

EZRA POUND.

(To be continued.)

Graveyard Fruit.

A VEGETARIAN arose from his pillow with the sweet thought that not for him on that bright day was innocent blood to be shed. He was a dainty and particular man.

He put on a cotton suit; laced his shoes, made of felt, that he might not be a party to the death of cattle; brushed his clothes with his usual care; and after his breakfast of coffee and toast, he buttoned his overcoat snugly about him, put on his silk hat and overshoes, and ordered a hack, to go to his office.

On the way he stopped to have a drop of oil put on the hinge of his watch, and, afterward, to buy, at a bankrupt sale, a quantity of preserved fruit. His mind was pure and quiet, and all went well with him that day; and when he bought some stock, it largely advanced in price.

But when he went home, he fell ill of a fever, and the fever brought the memories of many lives into his brain. He heard a rising sound, like the fearful murmur of a mob of men. He saw a driving cloud

like fine dust; and the murmur shaped itself into a Voice. "This is a show of humanity," it said, "and we are the millions of animals—boiled that you might have coffee, roasted that you might have bread; and we, the silkworms, scalded that you might have a shiny hat, the fowls slaughtered to get eiderdown for your couch, the porpoises harpooned to furnish oil for you, the cattle whose bones made the handle of your brush, whose compressed blood forms the buttons on your coat, whose skins made the harness of your cab, whose ashes clarified your sugar, and fertilized the fields for your wheat." For a moment the Voice was more distinct—"I am the bankrupt driven by monopoly to the wall, whose fruit you bought so cheap—I, the broker, that ruined himself selling your stock. Yes, it was business competition; I died by my own hand. Will you have another slice of my corpse?—My shares will be sold out to-morrow."

And the cloud drove in with a perishing wail, and below the cloud a countless army spread, pallid, indefinite, and immeasurable as the waves of the sea, and their murmur was like the wind in the growing corn. They shook their fists, and waved maimed limbs, and chattered with drooping jaws,—at him, the humane, the virtuous; and he could not choose but hear their cries:—

"We are the ghosts of the babes that died of burns and overwork, sixteen hours a day in the factories in Illinois that you might drink from polished glass; we, of the girls that sacrificed maidenhood that you might be served cheaply in the department store; we are the children, who died like flies in tenements of your town; the shares are we of coolies brought to an early grave by enforced and unrequited toil, that you might have your coffee; the men were we, strong and vigorous, whose jaws were rotted so that as ghosts we gibber how we made matches for you; we are troops of Africans that the Belgian drivers slew because we did not bring in enough rubber for you."

And the murmur grew until he caught only con-

fused cries—"fell from your house scaffolding"—"unguarded railroad crossing"—"steel polishers dead of inhaling dust"—"suffocated in the mine"—"half childish men killed for the honour of your flag"—"women choked with cotton dust in the mills," and when there were so many, so many that he could no longer hear, one stood out and said:

"All from avoidable causes—none by the necessity of nature—every one because of the brutal indifference of influential men, like you; we died—and such as we are dying, body and soul, by thousands every day; yes, and living lives more frightful than daily death, that you that do nothing, may live. And, by God, you don't eat meat!"

And the Vegetarian cried, "It is unjust—I was not a party to the deaths of these."

And the Voice replied, "Of which of these are you innocent, and what was the cause of their deaths?"

And the Vegetarian answered never a word.

BOLTON HALL.

Discipline and the New Beauty.

AT last we have it! Science has stretched forth her abundant helping hands and fashioned a wonderful device for enriching the "new beauty." This masterpiece is a phonograph capable of rendering the sounds impressed upon its records both forwards and backwards. It is even now (September 20, 1913) being exhibited at the Concours Lépine, an inventors' exhibition at Paris. The prospectus announces that the effect produced by a piece of music played wrong end to is "sometimes curious," which we may believe without any difficulty.

If from now on musical compositions are to be submitted to the test of rendition in either direction, they

will certainly be more carefully composed, with more flexible harmony. But why reserve such an improvement in musical composition for the future? We have with us already harmonies flexible enough to suit the taste of anyone. In the words of a grateful contemporary:

"There is a whole young musical school that has erased from its programme tone, harmony and rhythm. Whether one commence their productions at the beginning or the end these remain the same, and it is not certain that the composers themselves would be capable of telling which way the record disc was revolving."

At this point the Contemporary, a French journalist, becomes inspired. Is not genius the gift of drawing necessary conclusions from given premises, and of observing the subtle refinements of similarity and difference? He continues:

"Likewise, are there not to-day poems which can be indifferently declaimed from the last verse to the first, as well as from the first to the last, without the sense being thereby altered? Do not, moreover, some of them gain in both depth and mystery by the procedure, and, thus favoured, give a better sensation of the inexpressible?"

"And in painting? Are there not certain pictures that present whatever subject they intend to portray with the same intensity of expression whether they be placed down side up or upside down?"

"Let us not then hasten to cover with our ribaldry the reversible phonograph."

"Possibly it is the logical and necessary complement of certain productions in contemporary art!"

It may be considered that the writer's indulgence in a certain levity is incongruous with the serious announcement of a (possibly) valuable invention. But the Contemporary has said the just word apropos of the present situation. Europe is literally swarming with freaks. They indulge in the most extravagant devices in order to obtain the pearl of great price, publicity. Matters have now arrived at a state where serious thinkers are giving to these intellectual, artistic and sociological parasites a great deal more thought than, intrinsically, they deserve, for by their numbers and ingenious ways of becoming conspicuous, they are gradually corrupting the public taste. The result of this inquiry is a unanimous answer from varied minds: the need of the present age is *discipline*.

Any suggestion of discipline immediately raises a problem. We have to-day gone so far along the way of individualism that we cannot return. The cry of more than a hundred years ago to greater emotional expansion is still sounded. And the individual cannot forego his enfranchisement. Happily it appears that independent thought is gradually becoming more and more general, and that it will not be long until each man will feel the necessity for disciplining himself. This, at least, is the only solution of the present artistic tangle that seems compatible with an ideal of democracy and personal freedom.

In the meantime chaos reigns—an amusing, a fascinating, fermenting chaos that juggles the great ideas of the past and the hopes for the future, with a sort of feverish grace—but still a chaos. In politics we have rabid revolutionaries and equally rabid ameliorists and reactionaries. With the status of graphic art we are already familiar—cubism, post-impressionism, primitivism and futurism—all of them almost equally unintelligible, almost in the same measure unlikely to develop into anything valuable. And each of them is more than a way of painting. It is a religion, with its cult and its worshippers.

Truly, art is almost independent of dogma, for where the mind will see, the eye follows in obedience. Consider a moment this citation from the futurists' "manifesto," issued in 1909 by the leader, F. T. Marinetti:

"9. We wish to glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive

violence of the anarchists, beautiful Ideas that kill, and the scorn of women.

"10. We wish to demolish museums and libraries: to combat moralism, feminism, and all opportunists and utilitarian baseness."

And again: "To admire an old picture is to pour our sensibility into a funeral urn, instead of projecting it forward in violent jets of creation and action."

And this: "Art can be only violence, cruelty and injustice."

A certain drama of M. Marinetti is dedicated "to Wilbur Wright, who was able to raise our migrant hearts higher than the captivating mouth of Woman."

Enough. This is now an old story, and the only excuse for reviving it is that conditions seem to be growing constantly worse. "Why does not someone set Max Nordau on the trail of these young gentlemen?" asks a friend who has seen many "movements" sink into icy graves.

America suffers more than Europe from these aberrations. For this there are at least two reasons. Primarily, the output of high-class legitimate art in America is not yet up to the demand. Secondly, the American artists and art lovers still look up slavishly to Europe, the former for inspiration, the latter for culture. Almost universally they are impressed by the most striking novelties. Europe looks on with amazement at the avidity with which Americans adopt a new artistic, intellectual or social fad, and, one might say, colour their entire sky with it, when in its native climate it was only a tiny cloud.

There is not an art critic in Paris but would have been thoroughly surprised to see the amount of time and attention our magazines, newspapers and tongues consecrated to discussing post-impressionism. "Do you not see," he would ask, "that by such notice you encourage eccentricity? The real fault is not that of a few mad artists. There will always be artists, messieurs, and artists are usually mad. The blame must be laid entirely on the public, upon whose favour the artist must inevitably live. If the public does not approve an artist's work, either he is a genius and starves—a martyr to our stupidity; or he changes his style to something more popular; or he converts others to his madness and lives on their sympathy. That is what happened in America."

The need of the world, then, and particularly of America, in these matters, is independent judgment, coupled with some slight reliance on the good faith of critics. Protests are being raised everywhere by men of parts against the encouragement given to freaks. In America Mr. Kenyon Cox and Prof. Irving Babbitt have both recognized the necessity for sanity in the social order. In England and France a society has recently been organized for the avowed purpose of convincing the public that art may be both intelligible and genuine. It counts among its numbers the novelist, Mr. Joseph Conrad.

M. Guy-Grand (*L'Effort Libre*, Paris; March, 1913, title, "Renaissances") expressed himself as follows:

"Only a vast culture, a profound seriousness, an exacting discipline, and an ardent sociological sentiment are capable of regenerating an anæmic literature and shabby politics, and curing writers of the poor little vanities of the coterie."

This sounds refreshing. Perhaps we shall not need to call upon M. Nordau for another "Degeneration."

EDGAR A. MOWRER.

The House of Vision.

THERE was a profound philosopher who had drunk at the fount of many queer inspirations. He had tasted Plato, Leibnitz, Comte, Carlyle, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Ruskin, Recluse, and Le Play; and by acquiring a large stock of precise information about Place, Person and Occupation, or

as he learnedly termed them, Environment, Organism and Function, and the periods through which they had passed, and by revising this overwhelming supply of trustworthy material by a critical reference to logic and rigid judgment, he came to raise his disciplined Imagination to the point of Vision. And when at last he had got the bitter taste of the city really in his mouth after it had caused him violent indigestion and several vomitings, he said, "Now I can describe how this present form of environment poisons its inhabitants and cripples their activities, and how it can be transformed and its poisons changed to tonics." Accordingly he sat down and wrote his description from the vision which his disciplined imagination aided by scientific fact and law had prepared.

As he wrote suddenly there appeared before him the City Beautiful that was accidentally called forth by an unguarded amount of trance and prayer. And it would have taken him captive with golden dreams. But he pushed it away with his precise information saying, "Be gone you Hallucination, I want to idealise this outward spectacle" (not knowing that by idealising the outward world he was merely continuing to deface the inner world with repulsive splashes of a temporal world that is inherently false). And straightway Vision put on the mask of Hallucination. Being a person of imagination our P.P. agreed that on the whole he could not do better than follow Hallucination, and accept its invitation to attempt higher and more difficult pinnacles. "This environment," he said, "is a poor thing as it stands, a bauble and a snare, and I must enrich the vision of human beings so that they may see it as I see it and thereby be led to improve it." He continued, "I will build a House of Vision wherein all may cultivate a visionary habit, perhaps less vivid than my own but equally well disciplined." And Vision winked.

Hot in pursuit of his world-full of trained seers, he contrived to build a tower having many uncommon features. For one thing it stood on a tall hill that overlooked a fair and ancient city; for another it was so built that the city could come inside and arrange itself in sections in rooms rising one above the other, and upon the walls in queer forms of representation called graphics, according to its logical growth in time and space. And when the tower had got the city inside arranged as the P.P. desired at a wholly new angle, it was observed to assume a strut. And they asked it to explain its unusual prancing. And the tower said with a strong Scotch accent, "I would have you know that I am engaged in restoring the virginity of the eye. I possess the three requisites for this, a changed point of view, an unsparing and systematic application of thought to detail, and a place for meditation where the visitor may have time to compose himself after a voyage through my interior." The tower then proceeded to describe how the changed point of view was affected, using the city as an illustration. The ordinary observer sees it as a mass of associations connected with the events of his everyday life. The trained observer sees its outlines in history. And the educated observer regards it as phenomena arising out of phenomena in the past and giving rise to phenomena in the future. At this point someone remarked, "You are all design; you've left no room for chance. What you stand for is reason in the deduction of relation and law from classified fad." And a vulgar Cockney person put it more plainly, "Gor blimey, it ain't er 'Ouse er Vishun arter all; it's the ol' perfesser isself." And Vision shook with laughter.

The vulgar person was perfectly right in believing that the House of Vision was nothing of the kind. The P.P. had not worked from Vision but from Imagination assisted by science. He had not seen his City Beautiful in a flash and thereupon constructed

it in his tower as a whole, but had taken each item of which the existing city was composed, piecemeal, and laboriously built up a structure based upon scientific fact, law and order; and with his eye upon this object he then proceeded to deduct the city of the future from it. In doing so he demonstrated that the imaginative mind (which even a scientist may possess) never conceives anything absolutely, and indeed lacks the power of conceiving anything at all except as a phenomenon. The act of imagination is therefore the memory simple or combined, of thoughts or ideas actually seen or felt. From this it may be gathered that an imaginative person simply represents a high order of sensational creature incapable of any but physical ideas and impressions. The fallacious belief that the stimuli of Vision reside in external objects is a very common one, and it accounts for the prevalent widespread confusion concerning Vision and Imagination. Rightly considered, Vision and Imagination have nothing in common; they are not on the same level, nor in the same world. The one is eternal; the other ephemeral. Vision enables its possessor to identify himself with the Absolute known variously as Soul, Art, Drama, Religion, and so on. Imagination presents things at a new angle, just as it repictured the city in the mind of the P.P. In fact, the difference between Vision and Imagination is just the difference between the artist and the pseudo-artist. And it is owing to the general inability to perceive this difference that the Hallucinated are mistaken for artists and artists are known as the Hallucinated.

An artist then is one who possesses Vision and is concerned with externalising Vision; while a pseudo-artist is one who is occupied with re-picturing existing things and turning novelties out of external objects. Blake, for instance, was an artist. Like Christ and Swedenborg he had the visionary's power of identifying himself with the Absolute. The act of vision with him was not the memory of material things that he had seen or felt, but a spiritual stimulus which led him to project himself in space (or Heaven as his biographers term it) where he sought to create symbols of his visionary experiences. But in externalising these experiences he sometimes ran perilously near disaster owing to his careless habit of adulterating his creative forms with conventional forms of expression. Take his wonderful designs "The Bond," "The Rider of the Pale Horse," "The Ancient of Days," and we find them full of conventional expression. The "Ancient" is simply a very carefully drawn portrait of a Jewish patriarch. The "Wise and Foolish Virgins" have forms which have stepped out of Flaxman's drawings.

It may be objected that I have narrowed the House of Vision down to absurd proportions by means of my definition; and that not more than two or three contemporary men would go into it. But, I reply, it is not so. I believe that many men have absolute vision but are prevented by the present inverted order of things from expressing it. For one thing, men have become so accustomed by the extraordinary growth of the communal idea, to seek nourishment from without that they have quite lost the capacity of living on themselves. It is conceivable that the visionary at one time did possess the secret of living on himself without wearing himself out, that he did in fact find himself in an environment which enabled him to derive all the nourishment, by way of encouragement, praise, reward, he needed from within himself, and he was impelled to achievement by the inward necessity of creating new form out of his inner vision. To him fine achievement was its own reward. To-day it is different and we find that even the visionary has ceased to live wholly on himself, but has been drawn by polluted civilisation out of his inner world in search of the new form of nourishment of the emotions. Such nourishment he

draws from other human bodies by means of everyday symbols with which he externalises his vision. In short the present-day visionary is a person who is balanced between the world without and the world within flashing a light round eternity and recording his impressions in a reporter's notebook.

It comes to this, that every man is either a visionary or a local. I do not think that every man who is born a local can become a visionary, but I am sure that a born visionary has local seeds in him and can develop these at the expense of his visionary power. There is a book before me which proves it. I refer to Mr. Gordon Craig's big and important volume "Towards a New Theatre" (Dent). The author was, and still is, a visionary. He did, and still does, attain that higher state, which is natural to visionaries, in which the Absolute is seen and contemplated, and looked down upon from the pinnacle of visionary experience. But there are signs that in this connection he acts unconsciously. Turning to his book I find that Mr. Craig has fallen into the error of striving to contemplate the Absolute from the throne of actual experience of the civilised man. He seems to have forgotten that it is from the uncivilised part of man that all the creative forms have come, and that on the other hand, the object of the civilised part has been, and still is, destruction. Perhaps he will be surprised to hear that he, himself, is uncivilised and that he ought not to have affected the civilised habit but to have lived retired within himself and to have trusted to the greatness of his aim to bring him satisfaction. He spoiled his chance of visionary development when he looked beyond himself for recognition, praise and reward; for he invited a sense of neglect, misunderstanding, and injustice to prey upon his vision, to dwarf and wither it. The text of his present book suggests the great amount of time he has lost in endeavouring to live on others. Here we meet him seeking external harmony whereas internal harmony is the thing. We watch him examining the roots of the plant to which he has given birth, and acknowledging his numerous debts; explaining the present ten-year-old branch to which he gives the name of "scenography"; indicating the shoots which have sprung from that, in this country and abroad; and prophesying the formation of their leaves and wealth of blossom. But he is silent as to his vision; probably because there is no written language that can describe it. We however know that he has had a vision. It is clearly indicated in the forty tremendously big designs contained in his book—designs which stagger between the Cosmic and the Local according as they are externalisations of objects seen in vision and the mere repicturing of external forms. We realise that behind these scenes there is a vast structure which is intended to contain eternal creative space and to present the drama of the Cosmos afresh (not in the new way by the individual expressing the Cosmos, but in that of the Cosmos expressing itself), and to enable humanity to renew that contact with the elemental and eternal which civilisation has severed. And we are aware that Mr. Craig is standing on the threshold of civilisation bare to the elements and forces by which man becomes possessed of great themes, with this structure in view. But we are also aware that the realisation of the structure is only grasped confusedly by him, for contemporary conditions obscure what past conditions would make possible. A Cosmic theatre, according to Mr. Craig's vision, would, in fact, be a vast theatre in the sun. It could not be otherwise. But a Cosmic theatre under the present method of "high-brow" thinking in the theatre, would have to be something quite different. This thinking has led reformers to see that, (1) The drama expresses the Cosmic not the Local, (2) the theatre should be a sensitised and highly efficient instrument for receiving and transmitting the Cosmic drama, (3) the

theatre cannot represent the Cosmos realistically, seeing that any attempt to do so would mean an enormous increase of complex mechanical devices leading to grotesque artificiality. Therefore (4) the only way to bring the Cosmos on to the stage is to symbolise it, (5) a simple symbol is needed for the purpose, (6) which leads to the importance of the individual as the true expression of the Cosmos, and (7) to the importance of a small theatre as a sensitised and highly efficient instrument for enabling the symbolic man to strut his brief hour. The inference is that Mr. Craig will attain his end soonest by taking care of the Cosmic symbol and leaving the Cosmic scenery to take care of itself.

Rodin affords another instance of the development of the local habit at the expense of the visionary. His sculpture indicates that he has had a vision, which vitiated imagination has brought down to mere logical abstraction. Apparently, however, Rodin is not to be blamed altogether for the absurdity into which he has fallen. For as his latest interpreter Madame Muriel Ciolkowska reveals in her comprehensive and illustrated little volume on the French sculptor and his work viewed racially and historically (Rodin: Methuen), he has been urged on to self-destruction.

"Not until he was well advanced in years and experience did Rodin openly indulge in theories, and then only in answer to oft repeated solicitations, first on the part of his friends, and latterly on the part of *journalists*. Had it not been for their respective revelations Rodin might have lived without giving the public a word of his opinions in response to all the numerous questions in artistic, as in other, directions to which he has replied so *lucidly and profoundly*. *It is, indeed, to the intervention of enthusiasts—and they must be thanked for it—that we owe acquaintance with Rodin the thinker, as without them we might, perhaps, only have known Rodin the artist-craftsman*, for Rodin's life is a simple, uneventful tale, whose chapters are marked *only* by the production of his leading works until we reach the last few years which reveal a new phase." I claim the italics. Was there ever such a conspiracy to destroy the visionary in a man by leading him to suppose that the key to his genius does not lie in its development and may be known only by tracing this development through his works of art, but is to be sought in theories and opinions? It seems that Rodin the thinker is necessary to illuminate Rodin the artist. And how does he do it? Here are some samples of his high thinking. "To me the word (artist) taken in its broadest sense, means a man who finds pleasure in his work." "In art only that which is gifted with character is beautiful. Character is the intensely truthful interpretation of the ugly or beautiful." "Nature only should be copied; the very principle of art forbids the copy of works of art." "I believe in science. I have always been very scientific in my sculpture." "At the present time the whole of Europe is ignorant of artistic matters. It has acquired much scientific learning; but science affects the arms, the eyes, the ears. Telegraphy is the arms; the telephone is the ears; railways are the legs; photography are the eyes" (are it?). "But there are things which leave the more intellectual part of the soul in ignorance. We only cultivate our five senses. You are photographed, your voice is registered, these are extraordinary things. But the mind, that which commands, the god which is our head—we give no thought to." If this is the sort of stuff that artists talk when at the *journalists'* command they arise out of the "simple and uneventful life" the best thing they can do is to keep silent. The biographer's version of Rodin should be taken from the "simple and uneventful life" period, for it was during this period that Rodin could not find a word to say—except in stone. It was then, no doubt, that, in the words of Eugène Carrière, quoted in the present book, "Rodin's art emanated from and returned to the Earth like giant blocks, rocks and dolmen which emphasise the great solitudes, and in whose heroic growth man recognises himself. . . . These earthly forms were Rodin's real teachers. They emancipated him from Academic traditions; within them he found his being and his creative instinct . . . his craving after human nature brought him into affinity with the eternal forms Nature assumes." Carrière might have added, "after she has been moulded by sensual passion."

Rodin's sculpture is an introduction to his vision of physical love. It leads us to see how the sculptor works in hot passion, and why he came to represent Mr. Bernard Shaw as a blend of bourgeois and eunuch. In fact, it tells us as plainly as possible that Rodin is Pan seducing Nature with magnificent intensity.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—ED.

THE ANGEL CLUB.

To the Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,

I have read with very great pleasure Mr. Ezra Pound's suggestions on the scope of our Order. Coming as they do from one of the few men whose claim to be considered members of the Order is undoubted, they are entirely in accordance with our design.

So far as I can see at present the Order will comprise at least three grades or degrees, which, like the Druids, Bards and Ovates of the British Gorsedd, will be equal in point of honour. The inner circle will consist of those who, without claiming to be themselves men of genius, recognise in genius the highest manifestation of the Divine, and devote themselves to its service accordingly; and it is from their ranks that I am seeking to recruit a select company of colonists.

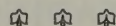
Outside these "regular" members of the Order will be the class on behalf of which Mr. Ezra Pound makes his appeal. They will be under no obligation beyond that of being true to their own nature, and it will be our business to recognise, to assist and to protect them to the measure of our ability. They will live where their work requires, and I hope that in time we shall be able to build colleges for them in great centres like Paris and London and Chicago, where they can enjoy that quiet and privacy which are at present beyond the reach of all but the rich.

A third circle may be made up of those who approve of the principle of the Order, and desire to support it, without forsaking their usual environment for the special career of the full members.

It is evident that the fostering of the arts is an essential part of our design, and that we shall become the custodians of whatever artistic work would otherwise be liable to perish.

The question of subsidising the artist is one that is only deferred until the time when our funds are sufficient for the purpose. My own feeling is that the financial profits of art are more than sufficient for the purpose, without any aid in the shape of merely benevolent contributions, which I do not solicit. At present those profits are lost—to use no harsher term—in maintaining the parasites of literature and art, in building palaces for publishers, and providing pensions for the families of auctioneers. When our organisation is fairly set going, we shall not lack funds, and our fellowships will not go to reward Dryasdust for counting the commas in the First Folio, while Davidsons and Middletons are reduced to commit suicide at our doors.

THE CHANCELLOR.



A paragraph of "Lego et Penso," by Mr. Benj. R. Tucker criticising our remarks in reference to Proudhon will appear in our next issue. It has been unavoidably held over, as has also the reply to Mr. W. P. Arnold's letter on "Beauty and Form."—ED.

— Note. —

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All business communications relative to the publication of THE NEW FREEWOMAN should be addressed, and all cheques, postal and money orders, &c., made payable to THE NEW FREEWOMAN LTD., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch."

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